

SATYR

Against HYPOCRITES.

Juvenal. Sat. 1.

Si natura negas, facit indignatio versum.

Juvenal. Sat. 14.

Velocine & citius nos

*Corrumptunt vissimum exempla domesticis, magnis
Cum subeant animos autoribus.*



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Я ТАКИЕ ГИПОКРИТИ

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TAKA

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A Satyr against Hypocrites.

T'Editions have been our Fasts, and long our Prayers;
To keep the Sabbath such have been our cares,
That Cisly durst not milk the gentle Milks,
To the great damage of my Lord Mayor's Fools,
Which made the grize Catchpox fweare and curse
The Holy day for want o'th' second course;
And men have lost their Body's new adorning
Because their clothes could not come home that morning.
The sins of Parliament have long been bawld at,
The vices of the City have been yawld at,
Yet no amendment; Certainly, thought I,
This is a Paradox beyond all cry.
Why if you ask the people, very proudly
They answer straight, That they are very godly,
Nor could we lawfully suspect the Priest,
Alas, for he cry'd out, I bring you Corift:
And trul' he spoke with so much confidence,
That at that time it seem'd a good pretence:
Then where's the fault? thought I: Well, I must know;
So putting on cleane casses, to Church I goe:

Now gan the Bells to jingle in the Steeple,
And in a row to Church went all the people.
First came poore Matron flock with Lice like Cloves,
Devoutly comes to worship their white lottes,
And may be smalr above a German mille,
Well, let them goe to fume the Middle-Ile?
But her's the sight that doth men good to see,
Grave Burghers, with their Posies, Sweet, sweet, sweet,
With their fat Wives. Then comes old Robin too,
Who although wri't or reade he neither doe,
Yet hath his Testament chain'd to his wifie,
And his blind zeale feeleth out the prooys as full.

THE TALE OF JONATHAN DICKENSON

Then comes the King, and he doth wrap his
Lion in a white cloth, and he doth cover him and

Over him cometh 'Oho! I am thy friend,'
Then came the drowsy young Fors-man, 'tis premis'd,
With hair so long, and his gloves perfum'd,
With his blow, so strong, and hardier than,

A ribbon I wish, and a diamond ring, and a gold ring,
The Virgin Queen, the fair one, and the Gypie,
And now the like's a Damme, sitting in good stirs,
And casting up their noses, to th' peacock.
They come, proud in, for though the pumb be full, a blusson
They must and will have room; but that they will spurned,
Straight that the fayre apparelled ladies,
One takes; 'Tisfame that I must be dispach'd, because on
By you, she cries then, Good Mistris Gill-Flurt;
Gill Flurt, enrag'd cries to other, Why ye dirtie
-ie piece of Impudence, ye ill-brad Thift,
I scorn your terms, good Mistris Thimble-mans wife,
Marry come up, cryes another, pray for her,
Surely your husband's but a scavenger,
Cries to ther then, and what are you I pray?
Na Alderman's wife for all you are so gay,
Is it not you that to all Christenings frinkit?
And to fave bread, most shamefully steal the basket?
At which the other mad beyond all law,
Unsheathes her bilous, and prepares to cleave,
And sure some gorgets had been torn that day,
But that the Readers voice did part the fray.

Now what a wardrobe could I put to view,
The cloak-bag-branches, and the sleek-stone shoes,
The Gallimafry cloak that looks like oonense,
Now wide, now narrow, like his Master's conscience;
The program gown of such antiquity,
This Spard could never finde his pedigree;

(2)

Fit to be doised on by Antiquary,
Who hence may descane in their old Glossery,
What kinds of fardingale fair Helen wore,
How wings in fashion came, because wings bore
The Swan-transformed Leda to Pro's lap,
Our Matrons hoping thence the fame good hap;
The pent-house bever, and calves chandron ruff,
But of these frantick fashions now enough,
For now there shall no more of them be said,
Lest this my ware-house spoil the French-men's trade.

And now as if I were that wollen-spinster,
That doth so gravely shew you *Swan Minter*,
Ile lead ye round the Church from pew to pew,
And shew you what doth most deserve your view,
There stood the Font, in times of Christianity,
But now 'zis tak'd down, men call it Vanity,
There the Church-Wardens sit, hard by the dore,
But know ye why they sit among the Poor?
Because they love us well for love o'ch'box,
Their money buys good beef, good wine, good smock,
There sits the Clerk, and there the reverend Reader,
And there's the Pulpit for the good flock-Feeder,
Who in three lamentable dolefull ditty's
Unto their marriage-fus sing *Nunc dimittis*.
Here sits a learned Justice, truly lo^r from ear to gaol,
Some people say, and some again say no,
And yet methinks in this he seemeth wise
To make *Sympone* yeild him an excise,
And though on Sundaisies Ale-houses must down,
Yet wisely all the week lets them alone,
For well his Worship knows that Ale-house fine
Maintain himself in gloves, his wife in pins:
There sits the Major, as fat as any bacon
With eating custard, beef, and rump of capon,
And there his corpulent Brethren sit by,
With faces representing gravity,
Who having money, though they have no wit,
They wear gold-chains, and here in green pews sit.

Ingredients
that compound
a Congregati-
on,

There sit True-blew the honest Parish-maister,
With Sattin-Caps, and Ruffs, and Deni-casters;
And faith that's all, for they have no rich fancies,
No Poets are, nor Authors of Romances.
There sits a Lady fine; painted by Art,
And there sits curious Mistris Fiddle-cum-fart;
There sits a Chamber-maid upon a Hassock,
Whom th'Chaplain oft instructs without his Caslock;
One more accustom'd unto Curtain-fins,
Than to her thimble, or to handle-pins.
O what a glossie her forehead smooth adorns!
Excelling Phœbe with her silver horns.
It tempts a man at first, yet strange to user,
When one comes neare, soh gudd, it flinks of butter.
Another tripping comes to her Mistris's Pew,
Where being arriv'd, she tryes if she can view
Her young mans face, and straight heaves up her coate,
That her sweet-heart may see her true-love knote.
But having late up late the night before
To let the young-man in at the back-doore,
She feeleth drowsinesse upon her creeping,
Turnes downe one proose, and then she falls a sleeping.
Then fell her head one way, her book another,
And surely she did dream by what we gather,
For long she had not slept, when a rude flea
Upon her groyn sharply began to prey;
Straight she (twixt sleep and waking) in great ire,
As if sh'ad sitting been by th' Kitchin fire,
Palls up her coate with both hands, smock and all,
And with both hands to scratch and scrub doth fall,
Truly the Priest, though some did, saw her not,
For he was praying, and his eyes were shut.
Ales had he seen as much as a by-flander,
Much more from's Text it would have made him wonder.

That's call'd the Gallery, which (as you may see) was
Was trimm'd and gilt in the yeare Fifty three.
Twas a zealous work, and done by two Church-wardens,

Who

Who for mis-reckoning hope to have their Pardons;
 There will writes Short-hand with a pen of lead,
 Oh how he's wonder'd us by many an ill
 That see him shake so fast his warts fill,
 As if he'd write the Sermon 'tore the Print
 Has spoke it; Then, O what I could - (says one)
 Does but as this man does. I'd give a crown,
 Up goes another hand, up goes his eyes,
 And he, Gifts, Industrie, and Talents cryes,

Nan 15.

Thus are they plac'd at length : a tedious work!
 And now a bellowing noise went round the Kirk,
 From the low Font, up to the Golden Cread.
 (O happy they who now no earns doe need !)
 While these coughe up their morning flegme, and those
 Doe trumpet forth the snivel of their nose ;
 Straight then the Clark began with potsherd voice
 To grope a tune, singing with wofull noise,
 Like a crackt Sans-bell jarring in the Steeple;
 Tom Sternholds wretched Peick-song to the people;
 Who soon as he hath pac'd the first line through,
 Up steps Chuck-farting then, and he reads too :
 This is the womans boy that lies i' th' Porch
 Till th' Sexton comes, and brings her Roole to Church.
 Then out the people yaule an hundred parts,
 Some roar, some whine, some creak like wheels of carts,
 Such Notes that Ganur never yet did know,
 Nor numerous keys of Hurpicals in a row
 Their Heights and Depths could ever comprehend,
 Now below double As some defend:
 "Bove Elia squealing now ran notes som' fie ;
 Straight then as if they knew they were too high,
 With head-long falls downstairs agains they tumble,
 Discords and Concords. O how thick they jumble !
 Like untam'd horses tearing with their throats
 One wretched slave into an hundred notes.

Some lazies there be follow me, and the lasses all go to W

Robert's wife,
some' r' light.



They a i-hime, moy a mawshgo have



a ha me uh a ha a galla.

And some out-run their words and thus they say,



Too cruel for to think a hum a haw.

Now what a whetstone was it to devotion

To see the pace, the looks, and every motion

O'th Sunday Lcuite when up stairs he march'd,

And first beheld his little band stiff strecth,

Two caps he had, and turns up that within,

You'd think he wore a black pot-cipr with eel,

His cuffs shew'd peep only out at a walt,

For they saw whiter gloves upon his fift, and now o'er it am I

Out comes his tuck then which he unfolds,

As gravely as his Text, and fast he holds,

In's wrath-denouncing hand ; then mark when he pray'd,

How he rear'd his reverend white, and softly said,

A long most Mercifull, or O Al-

Then out he rubbes the rest like a sad-dit,

In a most dolefull recitation style,

His buttocks keeping Crotcher-time the while,

And as he flubbers ore his tedious story,

Makes it his chiefeft aime his chiefeflt glory,

To excell the City Damot in speaking lies,

O for the drippings of an old Sir loyne, slied b'main,

Instead of Aro's ointment for his face,

When he cries out for graces instead of grass.

Up-slept another then, how sowre his face is !

How grim he lookt, for he was one oth' Classey,

And

And here he strain, Blood, blood, blood, destroy, O Lord !
The Covenant-breaker, with a swiftness of sword,
Now comes another, of another strain,
And he of law and bondage doth complain :
Then showing his broad teeth, and grinning wide,
Alond, Free grace, free grace, free grace, he cry'd.
Up went a Chaplain then, fixing his eye
Devoutly on his Patron's gallery,
Who as duty binds him, cause he eats their pyes,
God bless my good Lord and my Lady, cryes,
And's hopefull Issue. Then with count'rance sad,
Up steps a man, stark revelation-mad,
And he, Cause me thy Saines, for thy dear sake,
That we a bulle in the world may make,
Thy enemies now rage, and by and by
He tears his throat for the fist Monarchy.
Another mounts his chin, East, West, North, South,
Gaping to catch a blessing in his mouth,
And saying, Lord ! we dare not ope our eyes
Before thee, winks for fear of telling lies.

Mean while the vulgar frie fit Rill, admiring
Their pious sentences, as all inspiring ;
At every period they figh and groane,
Though he speake sometimes sense, and sometimes none ;
Their zeal doth never let them minde that matter,
It is enough to heat the Maggiys chitter ;
They croud, they thrast, are crowded, and are thrusted,
Their paws seem pasties, wherein they incrusted,
Together bake and frie ; O patience great !
Yet they endure, though almost drown'd in sweat,
Whose steaming vapours prove most singular
To few hard doctrines in, and to prepare
Them, lest they should breed some ugly disease,
Being tak'n raw in questiis consciences.
But further mark their great humility,
Their tender love and mutual charity,
The short man's sholdur bore the tall man's elbow,
Nor he so much as call'd him Scurvy fellow,

Practice of
Piety.

Wrathfull forced, all anger was ston'd,
Although his neighbours had nephews & sons;
And in a word, all men were mock and humblie,
Nor dar'd the Schollie, though offend, to grumble; or bate
He honest man went with his neck a-shew,
Gingling his bunch of keys from pew to pew;
Good man to a Mather-day before no spleen,
But wish'd the seven dayes had Sabbath been;
How he worshippeth him, with what a Gospel-fear;
He admires the man that doth a honest wear,
Room, rooin, hear trave, he craveth, then dor unwilling
With a *Pater noster* face receives his shilling.

But what was most religious than to see
The women in their Breeches all gay,
Who like the Seraphins in various hue, were richlye
Adorn'd the Chancell and the highest pews,
But now good middie-rie-folks all give room,
See where the Mothers and the Daughters come;
Behinde the Servants looking all like Martyns,
With Bibles, in plush jerkins and blew guitars,
The silver-inthorn and the writing book,
In which I wish no friend of mine to look.
Now must we not forget the Children too,
Who with their for-a-ropes gay stand up ith pay,
Alas-a-day! for there is great contention
To tie this lock who hath the best invention.
Well, be good chilidres, for the time shall come,
When on the Pulpit-skins ye shall have room,
There to be asked many a Question deep,
By th' Parson, with his dinner, half a sleep.

But now aloft the Preacher gan to thunder,
When the poor woman they sit trembling under,
And if he name Gabron or the Dragoon,
Their faith, alas I was little then to bring on,
Or if he did relate, how little wiz I then,
The foolish Virgins had, them has they fit,
Weeping with watry-eyes, and making vows
One to have Precious always in her house,

May-day!

Jack-a-Dandy?

To dine them well, and breakfast em with gilly-guind mif
 And candle her to warm their quibbling body and mif
 And if the cash where she could not unlock her coffer
 Were close secur'd, to pick her husband's poches;
 Another something a more thrifty finnes
 To invite the Parson twice a week to dinner;
 The other vawes a purple Pulpit-clock ^{to} wed what? and
 With an ambroider'd cushion, being lofis ^{to} the worth of
 When the fierce Priest his Doctrine hard unbuckles,
 That in the passion he should hurt his knuckles.

Nay, in the Church-yard too was no small throng,
 And on the window-bars in farrm they hung ^{to}
 Nay, I could see that many Short-hand wifes,
 Where listning well, I could not hear a voice
 Friend, this is strange, quoth I, but he reply'd,
Alas! you wives yet misfentify'd.

But Sermon's done, and evening now approaches,
 The people walk, for none dare go in coaches,
 And as they go, God, Grace, and Ordinance,
 Is all their chat, they seem in heav'ly tranques;
 Thus they even up their souls with holy words,
 Shaving off fat as men shave off their beards,
 To grow the fatter; fine, they cry, are fancies,
 The Godly live above all Ordinances.

Now they're at home, and have their supper ready,
 When *Thomas*, cries the Master, come repaire,
 And if the windows gaze upon the street,
 To sing a Psalm they hold it very meet,
 But would you know what a propoigous zealism of ^{to} 1021
 They sing their Hymnes whist ^{to} the bell listn well now say
 The Boy begins, Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,
 Hum, hum, hum, hum, *Thomas* hum, hum, ^{to} 1022
 Did you enter down the ten yards of water'd tabby to the

Lady in *Crown-parden*? ^{to} 1023 and of alquod ad os illi
 Hum, hum, Yes Sir, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,
 hum, hum.—^{to} 1024 Oho, now this is to say
 Pray remember to receive the hundred pound in *Gracious*
fiest to morrow.—

To be heard of
men.

To the Tune
 of S. Margarets
 Chimes.

Hum hum hum.

Hum hum hum hum *Mary*, hum hum hum hum,

Anon forsooth.

Pray remember to rise betimes to morrow morning, you
know you have a great many cloathes to sope, hum hum,
hum hum, hum hum, &c.

Behold the zeal
of the people.

But Sunday now good night, and now good morrow,
To thee oh Covenant Wednesday full of sorrow,

Alas ! my Lady *Anne* wont now be merry,
She's up betimes and gone to *Alderman-bury*,

Truly 'twas a sad day, for every finner

Did feare a supper then, and not at dinner,
Nor men nor women wash their face to day,

Put on their cloathes, and pids, and so away ;
They throng to Church just as they sell their ware,

In greafie hats, and old gowns worn threadbare,
Where, though th' whole body suffered tedious pain,

No member yet had more cause to complain.

Then the poor nose, when little to its ease,
A Chandlers cloak perfum'd with candle-grease,

Commingling fants with a Sope-boylez breeches,
Did raise a rink beyond the skill of Witches,

Now steams of Gutlick through the nostrils passage
Made thorough-faires, hell take their bold embassage,

With these ~~nowlonger~~ and a breath-thus smelle,
Like standing-pools in subterraneall cells,

Compos'd Pomanders to our-Rink the Devil,

Yet strange to tell, they sufferd all this evil,
Nor to make water all the while would rise,

The woman free had sponges 'twixt their thighis,
To stir at this good time they thought was sin,

So strictly their devotion kept them in.

Now the Pritch's elbows doe the cushion knead,

Whiles to the people he his Text doth read,
Beloved, I shall have crave leave to speake,

A word he cries and winks, unto the weak,

The words are these, Make haste and do not tarry,

But unto Babylon thy dinner carry.

*There doth young Daniel wear his the Dim,
Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men.
Here my Beloved, and then he reaches down
His hand, as if he'd catch the Clark by th' crown:
Not to explain this pretious Text amisse
Daniel's the subject, Hunger th' object is,
Which proves that *Daniel* was subject to hunger,
But that I maynot detain you any longer,
My brethren all prick up your ears, and put on
Your senses all, while I the words unbutton.
Make haste, I say, make haste and doe not tarry,] do not
Why ? my Beloved, these words great force doe carry,
And t'is a wondrous emphaticall speech,
Some men Beloved, as if th' had leid' their breeches,
Doe walk, and some (as snails) doe creep as fast :
Truly, my Brethren, these men doe not make haste,
But be ye quick, dear Sisters, be ye quick,
'And left ye fall take hope, hope's like a stick,*

*The Exposi-
tions.*

*I. U/s;
Not like an
anchor.*

To Babylon] Ah Babylon ! that word's a weighty one,
Truly 'twas a great City, and a mighty one,
Which as the learned Rider well records,
Semiramis did build with brick and bords.
Wicked Semiramis, Oh how I strotch !
My spirit is mightily provok'd against that wretched hag !
Infull Semiramis, for well I will,
Thou wert the mother of proud Antichrist,
Nay, like to Levi and Sisera from antiquity,
The Pope and these were sisters in iniquity,
Stumpet Semiramis, like her was none,
For she built Babylon, Ah ! she built Babylon,

Babel bâtiéred.

2. U/s.
But, Brethren, be ye good as she was evil,
Must ye needs go because she's gone to the Devil ?
Thy dinner carry.] Here may we look upon
A childe of God in great affliction :
Why what doth he sit ? Alas ! he wanteth meat,
Now what (Beloved) was sent him for to eat ?

Truly,

Truly a small matter, one a dish of porridge,
But pray what porrage? Such a small cottage
Afforded onely to the Country swains,
From whence, though not a man the place explains,
'Tis guess'd that neither Christmas porrage 'twas,
Nor white-broth, nor cap-a-broth, good for sick maids,
Nor milk-porrage, or thick pease-porrage either,
Nor was it mutton-broth, nor veal-broth neither,
But sure some homely stuff crum'd with brown-bread,
And thus was *Daniel*, good *Daniel* fed.

Truly, this was but homely fare you'll say,

Yet *Daniel*, good *Daniel* was content that day:
And though there could be bought on nothing cheaper,
Yet fed as well on't as he had been a reaper,

Better eat any thing than not at all.

Fasting, Beloved, why a'is prejudiciale

To the weak Saints, Beloved 'tis a sin,

And thus to prove the same I will begin:

Hunger, Beloved, why? this hunger makis,

An hundre d' a great malice, it breaks stone-walls,

Now my Beloved, to break stone-walls you know,

Why 'tis flat felony, and there's great woe

Follows that sin, besides 'tis a great schisme,

'Tis ceremonious, 'tis Papar Judisme,

Judisme / why beloved, have you ere been

Where the black Dog of *Nep*-gate you have seen?

Hair'd like a Turk, with eyes like Antichrist,

He doth and hath ye Brethren long entic'e.

Claws like a star-chamber bishop, black as hell,

And doubtlesse he was one of thos that fell.

Judisme I say is uglier than this dog:

Truly & easer's not so foul a hog.

Thrown among Lyons by hand-inured men.

Here *Daniel* is the Church, the World's the Den,

By Lyons are meant Monarchs, Kings of Nations,

Those worse than heathenish abominations:

Truly dear friends, these Kings and Gouvernours,

These Bishops too, my all superiour power,

Would he have
been so con-
tent?

3 v/s.

Several R.
John. 2010

Description of
Antichrist.

Why

Why they are Lyons, Locality, Whence I Whiles, beloved,
 Off goes our sun if once their wrath be moved;
 But woe unto you Kings! woe to you Princes!
 'Tis fifty and four, now Antichrist, so fares
 My book, must reign three dais, and three half dais;
 Why that is three years and a half beloved,
 Or else as many precious men have proved
 One thousand two hundred and threescore dais,
 Why now the time's almost expir'd, time itales
 For no man; friends then Antichrist shall fall,
 Then down with Rome, with Babel, down with all,
 Down with the Devil, the Pope, the Emperour,
 With Cardinals, and the King of Spaine's great power;
 They'll muster up, but I can tell you where,
 At Armageddon, there, Beloved, there,
 Fall on, fall on, kill, kill, a low, a low,
 Kill Amaleck, and Turk, kill Gog and Magor too.
 But who deare friends fed Daniel thus forlak'n
 Truly (but there's one sleepes, a wold do well to awak' n.)
 As'tis in th' English his name ends in Ock
 And so his name is called Habacuck,

And hev then
up goe we.

But in th' originall it ends in Ock
 For that deare fister calls him hree-a-Cock.
 And truly I suppose I need not feare
 But that there are many have a cocks here:
 The Laud increase the number of have a coks,
 Truly false Prophets will arise in flocks,
 But as a farding candle shut up quite
 In a dark Lanthorn never giveth light;
 Ev'n such are they. Ay but my brethren deare
 I' am no such Lanthorn, for my horns are cleare.
 But I shall now conclude this glorious truth
 With an exhortation to old men and youth:
 Be sure to feed young Daniel, that's to say,
 Feed all your Ministers that Preach and pray.
 First, of all cause 'tis good, I speak that know so,
 Fourthly, cause 'tis no evill for to doe so.

The Doctrine
of Generation.

For Ministers
may be Cuckolds.

Use of Exhortation.
Motives.

Thirdly,

5.
12.Hunger a great
enemy to Go-
 spel duty.A crop-sick
Sister.

Thirdly, because 'tis very good, and twalfithly
 Causeth there's nought better, unless I my selfe lye,
 But now his sinne is the pyes begin to reak,
 His teeth water, and he can no longer speake;
 And now it will not be amiss to tell ye
 How he was troubl'd with a woman's belly ;
 For she was full of candle and devotion,
 Which in her stomach raised a commotion,
 For the hot vapours much did damnifie,
 The woman went to walk in Finsbury :
 So though a while she was sustaine'd with ginger,
 Yet at the length a cruel paine did twinges her ;
 And like as marble swents before a shower,
 So did she sweate, and sweating forth did poure
 Her mornings dranghe of Sugar lops and Saffron
 Into her fighing neighbours cambriek apron.
 At which a Lard she cry'd full sad to see
 The foule mishap, yet sufferd patiently :
 How doe you then she cry'd ? I'me glad 'tis up :
 Ah sick, sick, sick, cryes one, oh for a cup
 Of my mint water that's at home.
 As patt as might be, then the Parson cry'd,
 'Tis good ; one holds her head, let's come let's come,
 Still crying ; just i' th' nick, the Priest reply'd,
 Yea like a fireame you ought to let it flow,
 And then she reach'd and once more let it goe.
 Streight an old woman with a brace of chins,
 A bunch of keys, and cushion for her pins,
 Seeing in earnest, the good woman lackit
 Drawes a strong water-bottle from her placket ;
 Well heated wth her flesh, she take's a sup,
 Then gives the sick, and bids her drink it up.
 But all in vain, her eyes begin to rowle,
 She sighs, and all cry out, alas poore soule !
 One then doth pinch her cheek, one pulls her nose
 Some biest the opportunity that were her foes,
 And they reveng'd themselves upon her face,
S. Damfians Divell was ne're in such a case.

A very great
Creature-
comfort.A great cale,
and a little
wooll.

Now

Now Priest say what thou wilt, for here's a chace
 Begun of this great Empirick, and that
 Renowned Doctor, what cures they have done :
 I like not *Moyers*, he speaks French fayes one,
 Oh fayes another, though the man be big.
 For my part, I know none like Dr. *Trig.*
 Nay, hold you there fayes t' other, on my life
 There's none like *Chamberlain* the man midwife.
 Then in a heap, their own receipts they muster
 To make this gelly, how to make that plaster,
 Which when she bares, but that now fainting lay,
 Up starteth she, and talkes as fast as they.
 But they that did not mind this doleful passion
 Followed their busyness on another fashion,
 For all did write, the Elder and the Novice,
 Me thought the Church lookt like the six Clerks office.

But *Sermon's* done, and all the folks as fast
 As they can trudge, to Supper now make haste :
 Downe comes the Priest, when a grave Brother meets him,
 And putting off his narrow-brimm'd hat, thus greets him :
 Dear Sir, my Wife and I doe you invite
 O'ch'Creature with us to partake this night :
 And now suppose what I prepare to tell ye,
 The City dame, whose faith is in the belly
 Of her cramm'd Priest, had all her caues in order,
 That *Gracious-servis*, or *Cheapside* can afford her.

A great sign of grace,

Lo, first a Pudding I truly 't had more Residue
 Than forty Sermons shew at forty seasons.
 Then a Semayne comes in, as hot as fire,
 Yet not so hot as over the Preachid fire.
 Next comes a shoulder of Minson rolled raw,
 To be as utterly abolished as the Law.
 The next in order was a Capon plump,
 With an Use of Consolation in his mump.
 Then comes a Turkey cold, which is his blyde
 Hid a fine while, just like the Curious wife.
 This now byt know well worth a peacock, certainly ye,
 Here comes the Venetian geppi Paolo by *Smythe*:

Bill of fare.

Whist

Which once sat downe, there at the lime hole,
Immediately in whips the Parsons sculps.
He saw his Stomacks anchor, and enlignted
That now his belly should not be depriv'd.
How he leans on the cheere toward his first move,
While his hot zeale doth make his mouth run over.
This Pastie had Brethren too, like to the Mayor,
Three Christmas, or Mince'd pies, all very faire.
Methought they had this Motto, *Though they first were,*
And preach me downe, Sub panderes ere fift virtus.
Apple tarts, Fools, and strong chese to keep downe
The steaming vapours from the Parsons crown.
Canary too, and Claret cks also,
Which made the tips of their ears and noses glow.
Up now they rise, and walk to their severall chaires,
When loe, the Prelie uncovers both his eares.

Grace before
meat.

In England A.D.

Most gracious Shepherd of the Brethren all,
Thou saidst that we should ease, before the Fall,
Then was the world but simple, for they knew nothing but
Not either how to bake, or how to brew,
But happily we fell, and then the Vine
Did Noah plant, and all the Brethren drank wine,
Truly we cannot but rejoyce to see
Thy gifts dispent'd with such equality,
To us th' all given wide throats, and teeth to eat,
To the women knowledge how to dress our meat,
Make us devoutly constant in thy cup, among us who have
And grant us strength when we shall have to fine,
To bear away thy affliction, and our fate,
And not be seemeable in the floodgates,
We are thy sheep, O let us feed, feed us, weas us
Till we become as the mighty Barwne,
Then let's fall to, and make up all the shortage,
Straight so he is here, and will for bound.

Much good
may doe you
S.

Now then, like a soldiering his fallow work,
And hews the Bulding downe with the Turke's axnes and I

How he plough'd up the Bees like Forrest-land,
And fum'd because the bones his wrath withstand;
Upon the Mutton he fell not like a Lamb,
But rather like a Wolfe he tore the same.
At first a Sister helpe him, but this Else fir,
Wearying her out, she crym, *Pray help your selfe first*.
Upon the Pally though he fell anon,
As if 't had been the walls of Babylon,
Like a Cathedrall downes he throwes that fluffer.
Why, Sisters, saith he, I am pepper-proof,
Then down he powres the Claret, and down again,
And would the French King winc a Puritan.
He cryes: twills up the Sack, and I'll be sworne
Quoth he, *Spaine's King is not the Paper stonh home,*
By this his tearing hunger doth abase.
And on the second course they gan to prate.
Then quoth *Prisilla*, Oh my brother deare:
Truly y'are welcome to this howmely cheane,
And therefore rate, good brother, eat your fill,
Alas for *Daniel*, my deare aketh still.
Then quoth the Priest, *Sister be of good heart;*
But she reply'd *good brother eat somme Tarts.*
Rebecca then a member of the *lection*
Began to talk of brotherly affection;
For this, said she, as I have heard the *wid*
Discourse, confuseth much in exercis.
Yet I was foolish, and would oft rem.
But you had more grace, Brother, then to desir,
Streight he reply'd, there is a time for all things,
There is a time for great things and for small things,
There's a time to eate, and drinke, and reformation,
A time to empty, and for procreation,
Therefore deare Sister let us take our time,
There's Reason for't, I never car'd for Rhyme,
Then truly answer'd this, its a good motion,
And I embrase it with a strong affection,
Why you know brother you did never prove
That I was ever gratafull for your love.

But sometimes Angels did award you Duff,
 As other times you know I did you nurse,
 With many a succor dish of baby meat,
 And presently we wark and did the fest:
 Truly quoth *Dwarf* him, "Now a Vision,
 That we should have our foes in great derision,"
 Quoth *Marta* straight, (and then she shook the crume
 From off her apron white, and pickt her gum;) So I doth hope, for so our Brother laid:
 O what a heavenly piece of work he made! But I am ingrant, and my memory short,
 I shall forget, were I to be hang'd for't.
 Then quoth the Priest, "The chare that here we see,
 Is but an Emblem of Mortality,
 The Ox is strong, and glories in his strength,
 Yet him the Butcher knocks down, and at length
 We eat him up. A Turkey's very gay,
 Like worldly people clad in fine array;
 Yet on the Spit it looks small pittoresque,
 And we devoure it, as the wormes eat us."

Then full of lawce and zetle up heye *Elizabey*,
 [This was his name now, once he had another,
 Untill the Bucking-pond made him a Brother.]
 A Deacon, and a Buffeter of Sathan,
 Truly, quoth he, I know a Brother deare,
 Would gladly pick the bones of what's left here,
 Nay he would gladly pick your pockets too
 Of a small two-pence, or a groat, or so,
 The sorry remannts of a broken thiffing,
 Therefore I pray you friends be not unwilling,
 But as for me, the more than I doth need,
 To be charitabile both in word and deed
 For as to me, the holy Scripture say,
The Deacon must receive, the Deacon must pay.
 Why Heathen fames they doe in admiration,
 Will never let them loose, and when they
 And therefore poure your charity into the nation,
 Southern and Northern like, your brethren have like us,

A man may
love Melancholy;

her

Why

Why Brethren in the Lord, what need you more
For six pence? we'll one hourre wheresoeuer we're.
Your six pence comes againe, my chuse comes more;
Thus Charity's th' encouer of your storie.
Truly well spoke, then cry'd the Master-leaffier,
Since you say so, here, you shall have my tesser:
But for the women, they gave more liberally,
For they were sise to whom they gave, and why?

Then did *Elnetha* blinke, for he knew well
What he might give, and what he might comitte,
But now the Parson could no longer stay,
"Tis time to kis, he cryes and so away.
At which the sisters, once th' alarme tak'n,
Made such a din as would have serv'd to wak'n
A snoring brother, when he sleepes at Church;
With bagg and baggige then they gan to march;
And tickled with the thoughts of their delighe,
One sister to the other bidis Good night,
Good night quoth *Doreas* to *Priscilla*,
Good night deare sister *Doreas* unto thee.
In these goodly good nights much time was spent,
And was it not a holy complement?
At length in steps the Parson, on his breast
Laying his hand, A happy night of rest
Reward thy labours sister: yet ere we part,
Feel in my lips the passion of my heart.
To another straight he turn'd his face, and kiss her,
And then he cryes, *All pence be with this Sijm.*
To another in a godly tune he whist,
Deare Sister from thy lip lie take my kiss,
With that he kiss, and whispers in her ear,
The time when it shold be, and the place where.
Thus they all part, the Parson followes close,

For well the Parson knoweth where he goes,
This seem'd a golden time, the fall of day,
You'd think the thousand years did now begin,
When Satan chain'd below should cease to roar,
Nor dugt the wicked as they wont before.

Not better
than himselfe.

Christian Li-
berty.

None a profane
kiss among all.

Come to the Church for penance, now durst I not
 To hear the non-plust Doctor sauge a cough,
 The Devill himselfe, also I now durst not stand
 Within the swiching of the Seuere stounde, and
 For so a while the Priest did him purifie,
 That he was faine to keep the Sabbath too,
 Left being taken in the Elders luse,
 He shold have paid his crown unto the poore,
 And left he shold like a deacon come,
 Twixt the two Sundayes after Assumption,
 They lust up Lecturers with texts and straw,
 On working-dayes to keep the Devill in awe,
 But strange to think, for all this solemn moseynesse,
 At length the Devill appeared in his likenesse,
 While these deceits did but supply the wants
 Of broken ushers, and of thred-bare Saints.

Oh what will men not dare, if thus they dare
 Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer, I
 Play with that feare, with that religious awe
 Which keeps men free, and yet is man's great law,
 What can they but the wort of Atheists be,
 Who while they word it gainst ioyosity,
 Affront the throne of God with their false deeds,
 Alas, this wondre in the Atheist breeds,
 Are these the men that would the Age reforme,
 That Down with Superstitution cry, and swarne,
 This painted Glass, that Sculpture to deface,
 But worship pride, and avarice in their place,
 Religion they bawle out, yet know not what
 Religion is, unless it be to praise,
 Moseynesse they preach, but study to controly,
 Mony they'd have, when they cry out the soule,
 And angry, will not have, Our Father laid,
 'Cause it prayes not enough for daily bread,
 They meet in privates, and cry Persecution,
 When Faction is their end, and State confusion,
 These are the men that plague and over-goue,
 Like Goths and Vandals all Religion.

Every *Moschene*, either wanting Rock
 Or wit to keep his flock must have a flock,
 The spirit, cryes he, moveth me unto it,
 And what the spirit bideth, must I not do it?
 But having profited more than his flock by teaching,
 And stept into authority by preaching
 For a lay Office, leaves the spirit's motion
 And straigthe removeth from his first devotion.
 But this he does in want, give him preferment,
 Off goes his gowne, God's cause no detriment.
 Vaine foolish people, how are ye deceiv'd?
 How many severall sorts have ye receiv'd
 Of things call'd truths, upon your backs lay'd on
 Like saddles for themselves to ride upon?
 They rid auraine, and hell and *Satan* drove,
 While every Priest for his own profit strove.
 Can they the age thus torture with their lies,
 Low'd bellowing to the world Impieties,
 Black as their coates, and such a silent fear
 Lock up the lips of men, and charme the care?
 Had that same holy Israelite bin dumb,
 That fatall day of old had never come
 To *Baals* Tribe, and thrice unhappy age
 While zeale and piety like mask'd in rage
 And vulgar ignorance. How we doe wonder
 Once bearing, that the heavens were fir'd to thunder
 Against assailing Gyants, surely men,
 Men thought could not presume such violence then:
 But 'twas no Fable, or if then it were,
 Behold a sort of bolder mortals here,
 Those undermining Shifts of knavish folly,
 Using alike to God and men most holy;
 Infidels who now seem to have found out
 A sittler way to bring their ends about.
 Against the Daity then op'nly to fight
 By smooth insinuation and by slight:
 They close with God, seem to obey his Lawes,
 They cry aloud for him and for his cause.

*But while they los their bridle to judgment,
Deny in actions what their words doe teach.*

*O what will surue them, if these they dare
Be impudent unto Heaven and play with Prayer ?
Yet if they can no better teach than this,
Would they would easily teach themselves not us :
So while they fill on empty one-sides dwell ;
They may perhaps by chance with bulk and gull ;
While those, who are their fellow well refuse,
By a true knowinge, doe choose the fruit.*
